

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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NO. 248.

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

AT—

\$3 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

## GEORGE O. BARNES

### GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

#### PRaise THE LORD.

RUGBY, TENN., July 14th, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—We stopped work at Somerset Sunday night last, with a congregation on the like of which, citizens assure us, has not been seen in the room since we closed a former meeting, six years ago. Here, too, the dear LORD was having things His own way, when we left. Praise Him for all! The opposition at first was not violent, but none the less dogged and determined. But in the end "grace reigned, through righteousness, unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our LORD." I love to think these sweet rehearsals are pointing forward to a near future, when the dear Master shall have His way "for good and all," and there shall be "neither evil nor enemy occurring," as in Solomon's day.

The Somerset people, as they have always done, behaved very generously towards us, and sent us away "lacking nothing." For which we thank them here—after praising the LORD.

On the run down to this place, 64 miles by the Cincinnati Southern, we were joined by several friends from Georgetown, also Rugby bound, and fell in with our old friend, Prof. Barbour, of Central University, on his way to Cumberland Falls to recuperate. I had a very friendly chat with Louis, my friend of many years, and college mate of past, well remembered days. I am only sorry that he is so hopelessly "set in his ways" that all my fervent eloquence rolled off him "like water from a duck's back," and I had to leave, as I found him, a Calvinist "of the strictest sect." Inadmissible pith mingles with the old boyish love, as I think of him in writing these lines. Of course he thinks I am "all wrong, all wrong," as I went over some of the points on which we differ. And I feel just as sure he is wrong, as I am that his name is Louis Barbour and mine George Barnes. So we travel on, to the place where all secrets are known and "everyone shall give an account of himself to God." I say to myself: "Mind that, oh, my soul, and be ready when the time comes!"

We reached "Rugby Road" station about half past five and found a hack in waiting. But here began our observations of a change in surroundings, that have gone ever since in an increasing measure. Our Jehu was a smart young Englishman in top boots and tight "smalls," blue-eyed and with a dialect that I knew had come within sound of "Bow Bells." Indeed he hailed from the "hub of the planet," as I afterwards discovered. The gentleman who came to welcome our party was English, all over, riding a gray cob, with snaffle and curb and double reins, as if equipped for "Rotten Row." Our party was too much for the capacity of the hack, and Nath Woodcock took to a spare horse, creating much merriment by going off in a very pompous way, which elicited from our Jehu the inquiry: "Is that Rev. Barnes, sir?" the question being addressed to the "Rev." himself, who sat at his side. He seemed rather disappointed to find so insignificant a personage as myself the "evangelist." But Nath was so impressive in his horsemanship that I wouldn't have blamed our cockney for mistaking him for the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the end of the second mile I exchanged places with the "chief of drummers" and rode the other five on horseback, myself. This seven measured miles to Rugby from the station is over a beautiful road; not macadamized, but kept in fine order, and, but for the unavoidable dust, charming in every respect. The undulations are for the most part very gentle, and ordinarily the trip is made in a little over an hour. It took us nearly two, in consequence of an overladen vehicle, and a defective brake, the latter necessitating the use of a rope to lock the wheel, whenever we came to a hill too long to "run." But we enjoyed the ride very much. At one point not far from the village we crossed White Oak on a fine iron bridge, that looked as little like its surroundings as Rugby itself.

We rolled into the capital of this famous colliery at sunset, and had only time to notice some pretty cottages in the suburb nearest the railroad station; a small field of such, glazing faces all turned the same way; some cleanly kept vineyards, heavily laden with grapes; and then a straggling main street, not closely nor uniformly built up, but with a few structures of more imposing proportions than the rest, marking the public officer; all wooden and well-painted. Through the village, on the main avenue, we clattered in a cloud of dust, and turning sharply to the right when near the end of it, we came, in 200 yards, to the entrance of our hotel. My companion and I were in advance, when we reached town, and we asked a lad if he knew where the Tabard Inn was. "No, sir," he responded, with an accent decidedly American. I was taken aback, but my friend asked, "Where is the hotel?" and he gave us a perfectly accurate direction to the place we sought. Which taught me afresh the lesson that the average youth of America deals more in substantial facts than in fancy names. The boy had never read "Chaucer" and was innocent of classic nomenclature.

I am ashamed to say that I did not know where our pretty hostelry got its name; but a friend of our party, who is an authority in "folk lore," told me that it was the inn where Sir Geoffrey Chaucer and his 29 pilgrim companions met, on their way to Canterbury to pay their duty at the holy shrine of Thomas-a-Bekket. Which set me to searching a copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," the classic of 500 years; and in its quaint and uncouth English I found the legend all written down. How the good knight became acquainted with his 29 companions at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, London; how the jolly host invited himself to join the pilgrimage; how, to lighten the weariness of the way, he proposed that all should tell stories in turn, and accept from him in payment, a free feast, on their return from Canterbury. Search—the knight, the miller, the miser, the squire, the yeoman, etc., "spun yarns" that, put together, make up the queer old classic, read by so few nowadays, and yet brimming with rugged humor and no little pathos in the more serious passages.

The known site of the old Tabard is still in existence, and with suitable inscription shown in Southwark to this day. The old glossaries give the meaning of Tabard as a "sleeveless coat, worn by knights of old, and afterwards only by court hermits." Our Tabard is a pretty inn, new, built on the site of the old Tabard, last year burned down; style of the Queen Anne order, irregular, but very picturesque. Furniture and equipments brand new and in exquisite taste; Brussels carpets from top to bottom; delightful beds and good fare.

The proprietors invited us here, of course, to bring guests to their charming inn. We came, because we had long wanted to visit Rugby, and have, for some time, hoped the dear Master would open the way. And here we are, led by His hand, who knows our wants before we ask Him.

A goodly company came down with us from Georgetown and Somerset and we were soon duly lodged and fed. This was Monday last. Tuesday we took a long stroll along the picturesque cliffs of the clear mountain stream, that runs through the Rugby estate. In the afternoon we held our first meeting, with only a handful besides our own party. We met in Christ's Church, the unconsecrated building that is used almost exclusively by the Episcopalians, but still available for other denominations. A new church is now going up, however, that is to be consecrated and occupied by them alone. Yesterday evening I preached after the regular Wednesday service. This time the house was crowded. The recital is very kind and cordial and seems anxious to help us all he can. So we are anticipating a good meeting.

But some are wanting to know just what I think of Rugby. I will tell you. I believe it will prove an ultimate success, though now an apparent failure. And I take this sanguine view simply because in reading the history of this indomitable Anglo-Israel race, I find that they have never been foiled, where they made up their minds to settle, and succeed. I cannot tell you how these men of dogged determination are going to bring victory out of this sterile plateau of the Cumberland. I may not divine whether small fruits, grapes or grazing flocks of sheep, will pull them through. But I will bank, without fear, on British pluck and energy and predict, without a doubt, an assured future for Rugby. I merely know they are bound to win, because they always have won.

But there is little to show at present. We took the hotel hack and made a circuit of the village yesterday. We felt almost like crying the whole way. Straggling off the main road are narrow footpaths, like sheep walks, leading through the scrub and underbrush to lonely cottages, swallowed up in their wild surroundings. A garden path here and there encloses a dreary attempt to cultivate an unfriendly and poverty-stricken soil. Some of the "homes" have even a juncy air, as if "making the best of it," but most reflect the despondency of their owners in a painfully unmistakable way. The most pathetic things we saw were the faded sign boards, nailed to what were once smartly painted posts, themselves well lettered in bright paint and in their hopeful youth telling out cheerily what "avenue" or "street" it was said to be on the city's hopeful plan, before the dank underbrush closed in upon them and "wiped them out," as practical facts. They droop, despondently, at various angles, now, as if giving up all for lost, and the inscriptions are fast becoming illegible.

There is no lack of pretty scenery, if one has courage to seek it, these fervid July days. By a well-kept winding path from the Tabard, you reach Clear Fork, a sweet mountain stream, abounding in fish and murmuring through a deep gorge of great beauty. At the end of the road, across the stream, dammed at this point, one finds a skeleton grist mill of "ye olden time," but still vigorously in use, when the waters are up. The people of the neighborhood bring down their sacks of grain, pickaback and "tote" the meal and flour up the cliff in the same way. That is, if they live on the other side. Here, the road is available. The mill stones are about the size of a large farm grindstone; their muslin bolting cloths, patched and joined in many places; tools for sharpening the stones lying on the bolting-box, oblivious of thievery; wooden bolts, pinning everything together. I only saw a few nails in the aforesaid box, where pins could not be used. The whole unenclosed. Only a skeleton structure, with a clapboard roof. All so quaint and interesting as a relic of what "used to be." This ancient mill has few counterparts now. It ought to be kept for a curiosity, by some of our great merchant mills to show the contrast between past and present.

John Woodcock and I had a pleasant swim above the dam, while the ladies, behind the shelter of some titanic boulders below, paddled about in the pleasant water, with much splashing and outcry.

The nights are glorious for sleeping. The delicious air is so pure that it is a luxury to breathe it. There is no doubt about the peculiar healthfulness of this whole plateau.

There is a fine library of 7,000 volumes, a present to Rugby, as a compliment to Thomas Hughes, Esq., from the publishers of New York, Philadelphia and Boston. A noble gift.

The vineyards are very flourishing and laden with grapes. This "dry spell" is fine for this particular fruit, but it has been death on the gardens. No rain here now for about 40 days. This has much to do with the present depressed look of things.

We are very glad we came and wish Rugby every success its brilliant, if visionary, founder hoped for it.

As all know, it was established in 1880, by the well-known author and M. P. Thomas Hughes, Esq., who purchased many thousand acres of this Tennessee land, in a body, with the hope of affording homes and happy employment for a higher class of emigrants than usually leave the Old Country for colonizing purposes. His dream was perhaps Utopian, but he dreamed of a refined, cultivated, self-supporting community, turning these Tennessee wilds into a miniature imitation of the glorious country they left behind. Their hopes are not yet realized. But, as I said before, I believe in the unconquerable courage of the average Briton; and I thoroughly believe they will achieve success in the outcome, though "clouds of darkness are round about" them now. Ever in Jesus,

Geo. O. Barnes.

**GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.**  
**Lancaster.**  
—Miss Lucile Browning, of Fayette, visiting at J. G. Sweeney's.  
—The annual fish dinner of the Garrard County Fishing Club, limited, was held at James Herring's yesterday.  
—Police Judge M. D. Hughes is a candidate for reelection at the August election, subject to the action of the democratic party "dash for Daw!"  
—Uncle Bob Bazeley leaves next Monday for his silver mine in the hills. He only lacks 4 feet, 2½ inches of uncoupling the precious stuff. He expects to make the strike this summer.  
—A perspiring friend from the country has just informed me that at his house the "old merc" was up to 290° in the shade and still a climber when he left home. It makes me not to think of it.

—The party given by Mr. Commodore Grainger, at his beautiful new home in the suburbs, was an enjoyable occasion. The grounds were illuminated by Chinese lanterns and a rich supper was served. Everyone was pleased.

—Miss Fieck Cook gave a party on Tuesday evening, at her father's, (J. V. Cook), romantic home, in honor of her visitors, the Misses Cook and Miss Drye, of Hustonville. A large crowd was present and all delighted.

—Those portions of our county, the one south of us between here and Crab Orchard, in the Jim Collier neighborhood; the vicinity of old Paint Lick, and in and about Camp Dick Robinson, are suffering from a severe drought. The rest of the county has had rain enough.

—Walker Landrum, Esq., everybody knows Walker, dropped down on us the other night from Washington Territory, where he has been mining for two years past. He reports good prospects ahead and I am in hopes he has a bonanza and so are all of his friends. There's nothing mean about old Walker.

—Eggleman & Farris lost a valuable mare on Tuesday. She became overheated while pulling the E. & O. Express from Danville and died soon after reaching Lancaster. This is the second animal they have had to succumb since they took charge of this line.

—At the request of the State Central Committee Hon. J. Harvey Brown will speak at Hustonville, Lincoln county, Saturday afternoon, July 23; Liberty, Casey county, Monday, July 25; Jamestown, Russell county, Tuesday, July 26, and at Crab Orchard, July 30.

—An alarm of fire at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning brought our sweltering citizens from their dens in a hurry. It proved to be a small blaze at S. L. Ashley's, which was extinguished without the aid of the engine. There was enough perspiration wasted by the crowd to put out a big fire.

—Mr. J. D. Chandler, just returned from a mountain trip, tells me of the capture of a notorious horse thief at Big Hill, Madison county, on Wednesday. His name was Louis Hector and he stole the horse at Berea. He has served two terms in the penitentiary for the same offense. The posse that captured him filled him with shot before he would surrender.

—Mr. W. O. Rigney and family are visiting Hon. F. D. Rigney, of Casey. The charming Miss Dodd, of Nashville, who has been visiting the Misses Marksberry, left for her home Wednesday, much to the regret of several young gentlemen hereabouts. Miss Richardson, of Somerset, is visiting Misses Jennie and Lizzie Sweeney. John Woodcock and family are not lost as reported, but are sojourning at Rugby, Tenn., Cumberland Falls and thereabouts. W. S. Ferguson and sister, Miss May, have gone to Rugby, Tenn., partly for health and partly to hear Bro. Barnes.

—There are in the mint at Philadelphia 62,080,829 silver dollars, which, laid flat one upon another, would make a stack 107 miles high, and this enormous amount of silver coin is but a fraction of what the Government actually holds.

—In a Rhode Island factory town, a certain employer recently paid out to his employees on Saturday night \$900 in new bills that had been secretly marked. On the following Monday \$400 of these marked bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon keepers of the town.

—The count of the cash and securities in the Treasurer's office at Washington resulted as follows: Funds on hand, \$95,500,000, of which \$61,500,000 was in standard silver dollars. The count has been going on since May 23 and not a nickel of shortage has been found.

—A man named Albert Fitzroy, who has just died at Holyoke, Mass., stated on his death bed that he saw Jennie Camr throw herself into the water at Savin Rock several years ago. Young Walter Mallory, of good family and standing at New Haven, Conn., came near being convicted of her murder.

—The St. Anthony Elevator, the largest in the Northwest, located near Minneapolis, was burned Tuesday. Loss on building and machinery \$250,000; loss on grain \$825,000. Insurance on wheat not known. The wheat destroyed, about 1,100,000 bushels, is one tenth of the visible supply in the Northwest, exclusive of Duluth. The elevator was owned by a syndicate of Minneapolis capitalists.

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## THE LINCOLN CO. STOCK FAIR

### ASSOCIATION.

—To be held on—

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, JULY 23 & 24, '87.

NEAR STANFORD, KY.

### OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—S. H. BAUGHMAN.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—George Miller Givens, W. J. Lyle, Boyle; Crit Davis, Boyle; Joe Embree, Madison; Willam Benzley, Garrard; J. W. F. Parker, Pulaski; John W. Whip, Casey.

DIRECTORS—C. R. Harris, John G. Lynn, I. M. Bruce, Forrestus Reid, L. G. Weathersford, Porter Sandiford, Sam M. Owens, Thomas Robinson, Will James.

G. H. McKinney, Sec'y; J. H. BAUGHMAN, Treasurer.

CHIEF MARSHAL—T. D. Newland.

FIELD MARSHALS—Charles McRoberts, John H. Engleman, John S. Hays, Dick Farmer.

### LIST OF PREMIUMS:

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 23.

1. Best Bull under 2 years old.....\$ 10.00

2. Best Bull 2 years old and over..... 10.00

3. Best Cow under 2 years..... 10.00

4. Best Cow 2 years and over..... 10.00

JERSEY CATTLE:

5. Best Cow under 2 years, special premium by Owsley & Craig, dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, &c.....\$ 10.00

6. Best Cow 2 years old and over..... 10.00

7. Best Herd, 1 Bull and 3 Cows or Heifers Special premium by A. A. Warren, dealer in Groceries, Fancy Water Sets, \$5.00, and \$10 added by the Association. 15.00

Horses for Harness Purposes:

8. Best Stallion under 1 year old.....\$ 13.00

9. Best Stallion or Gelding 1 and under 2 years..... 10.00

10. Best Stallion 2 and under 3 years..... 10.00

11. Best Stallion 3 and under 4 years..... 10.00

12. Best Stallion 4 years and over..... 10.00

13. Best Saddle Mare or Gelding..... 15.00

14. Best Walking Stallion, Mare or Gelding, Special Premium by J. E. and J. R. Farris, breeders of Fancy Saddle Horses..... 10.00

Horses for Saddle Purposes, Style, Form and Action considered:

15. Best Mare or Gelding 2 and under 3.....\$ 10.00

16. Best Mare or Gelding 3 and under 4..... 10.00

17. Best Mare 1 year and over..... 10.00

18. 3 Minute class best 2 in 3 Mile Heat.....\$10.00

\$75 to the first, \$25 to the second.

19. Best Hackaway Mare or Gelding..... 10.00

Special premium by A. T. Nunnally, Livestockman..... 10.00

Thorough-bred Horses:

20. Best Stallion under 2 years.....\$ 10.00

21. Best Stallion 2 and over..... 10.00

22. Best Mare under 2 years..... 10.00

23. Best Mare 2 and over..... 10.00

24. Special Premium by S. H. Baughman, dealer in thorough-breds and jack stock, suckling colts of either sex the get of any stallion, the season of 1885, to Congress..... 25.00

25. Best combined Mare or Gelding..... 15.00

26. Best pair of Horses or Mares regardless of sex, color or ownership..... 20.00

27. Best Roadster Gelding..... 25.00

### SECOND DAY, JULY 24.

Jack Stock.

28. Best Jack under 2 years.....\$ 10.00

29. Best Jack, 2 years and over..... 15.00

30. Best Jennet under 2 years..... 10.00

31. Best Jennet, 2 years and over..... 10.00

Mares.

32. Best Horse Mule under 2 years.....\$ 10.00

33. Best Horse Mule 2 years and over..... 10.00

34. Best Mare Mule under 2 years..... 10.00

35. Best Mare Mule 2 years and over..... 10.00

36. Best Pair Mules shown in Harness..... 10.00

37. Best Mare and Mule Colt either sex..... 10.00

38. Best Mare and Horse Colt either sex..... 10.00

Horses for Saddle Purposes.

39. Best Stallion or Gelding 2 years and under 3.....\$ 10.00

40. Best Stallion, 3 years and under 4..... 10.00

41. Best Stallion 4 years and over..... 10.00

42. Best Saddle Mare any age..... 15.00

43. Best Saddle Stallion any age..... 15.00

Model Ring.

44. Best Stallion, Mare or Gelding, Special Premium by Hocker & Bright, Dealers in Groceries, Hardware, &c.....\$ 10.00

Trotting Race.

45. 2½ Mile Class on the track, best 2 in 3, mile heats. First \$75, second, \$25.....\$100.00

46. Special Premium by Thomas Robinson, breeder of Trotters—Best Colt of any age, the get of his stallion for the season of 1885..... 25.00

47. Special Premium by Metcalf & Foster Groceries, Hardware, Cattle, &c.—Fastest Gentlemen's Saddle Horse, dash half mile..... 10.00

Harness Stock Continued.

48. Best Mare Colt under 1 year.....\$ 10.00

49. Best Mare, 1 year and under 2..... 10.00

50. Best Mare, 2 years and under 3..... 10.00

51. Best Mare, 3 years and under 4..... 10.00

52. Best Mare, 4 years and over..... 10.00

53. Special Premium by J. E. & J. R. Farris, Best Suckling Colt, either sex, the get of Silver King the season of 1885..... 10.00

54. Best Fancy Mare or Gelding in Harness Sweepstake..... 15.00

55. Best Harness Stallion any age.....\$ 15.00

56. Best Harness Mare any age..... 15.00

### GATE FEES:

Footman.....\$ .50

Horse and Rider..... .50

Vehicle and Driver..... .50

Persons 10 years old and under 15..... .25

Persons under 10 free.....

4-Horse Omnibus per day..... 5.00

2-Horse Omnibus or Hack..... 3.00

Send for Catalogue, containing rules and regulations and other information.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

DENTIST.

Stan



W. P. WALTON.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

F. R. GOVERNOR—SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, of Hart County.  
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR—JAMES W. BRYAN, of Kenton county.  
 ATTORNEY GENERAL—P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer county.  
 AUDITOR—FAYETTE HEWITT, of Hardin county.  
 TARRANTER—JAMES W. TATE, of Woodford county.  
 SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—JOSEPH DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette county.  
 REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE—THOMAS H. CORBETT, of McCracken county.  
 LEGISLATURE—DR. J. D. PETTUS, Lincoln county.

HENRY WATTERSON, who is sojourning at Block Island, has "submitted" to an interview with a New York Herald reporter, in which he says the democrats are bound to nominate Cleveland, whether they like him or not, as there is no one to contest the field with him. Recent indications point to the re-nomination of Blaine, in that event we shall have the old fight over again, with less personal scandal and calumny, and more old-fashioned party bitterness. The Mulligan letter box is an exploded magazine, and the President's marriage knocked Maria Halpin as high as a kite. The real issues are gathering with greater positivity and clearness. The tariff will be the main issue and Blaine can present the protectionist's theory better and more plausibly than any of them. With Cleveland and Blaine before the people, the chances are strongly in favor of Cleveland and he believed that he would be elected by a decided majority. For a sick man Mr. Watterson talks decidedly refreshing and leaves the impression that he is not so ill as he might be.

HON. R. M. T. HUNTER, once the most prominent man in the Old Dominion, died at his home in Essex county on the 19th, aged 79. He was a member of the 25th, 26th, 27th and 29th Congresses, being Speaker of the 26th. From 1847 till the secession of Virginia he was United States Senator, when he was expelled. He was then a delegate to the Provisional Convention at Richmond, afterwards Confederate Senator and then Secretary of State under the same government. In 1877 he was elected treasurer of Virginia and served a term. Broken down in health and estate, he was given a small Federal office and from it he eked a support till his death. His life is a forcible illustration of the vicissitudes sometimes attending it, and his death snaps another link which binds the present with the past.

THE republicans are banking largely on the democrats making fools of themselves and thus reduce our natural majority. A leading republican remarked here recently that nearly if not all of Fox's vote would come from the democratic party and he figured that he would receive 20,000. The labor vote will not amount to much, but most of it will come from the same party, all of which will reduce Gen. Buckner's vote and his plurality over Bradley. There is no possible chance of the latter's election, but if he reduces the majority Knott received four years ago, he will claim a victory and his party will shout itself hoarse over democratic losses in Kentucky. We therefore appeal to those who call themselves democrats to stand by the old party and not allow themselves to be duped into throwing their votes away upon a man who whether he intends it or not, is playing into the hands of the republicans.

ALTHOUGH it was Buckner's appointment and Finley was an interloper, a division of time was offered him at Glasgow Monday, but he stubbornly refused to accept the courtesy unless he was given the opening and closing speech. Of course this was not agreed to and he amused himself, a few whites and many negroes by going off into a corner of the yard and orating at will with no one to contradict or make him afraid. As Walford says he has got neither sense nor dignity and does not act at all like a congressman.

FINDING that the swindler, Harper, who wrecked the Fidelity National Bank, was enjoying too many privileges in the Cincinnati jail, a United States judge has ordered him to be taken to Dayton for safe keeping. He ought to have also punished the jailer for making fish of one prisoner and fowl of another.

THE Courier-Journal speaks of Frank Finley, Congress-elect from the 11th district, as the coarsest blackguard ever elected to office in Kentucky and Genl. Walford refers to him as a liar and a poltroon. We have reason to believe that both know whereof they affirm.

BRADLEY voted for a negro in preference to a Union soldier in the race for jailer in Garrard a few years ago, and yet he prates about those soldiers not having a fair chance in Kentucky. How do the mountain republicans enjoy the action of this two faced individual?

FINLEY says Cleveland was elected by a combination between the devil and the prohibitionists, but fails to say his own election was compassed by a union of the republicans with the other dampfools and scallawags of the 11th district.

DURING the intense heat of this week a crate of eggs hatched out while being shipped and at Indianapolis the little chicks were taken out and placed in the care of accommodating hens.

THERE will be a pang of sorrow felt in the breast of every man who knew that thoroughbred gentleman and honorable man, Col. Thomas Laurens Jones, to learn that he is dead. For a long time a cancer has gnawed at his vitals and Wednesday the end came. Born in North Carolina of gentle parents, he settled at Newport in 1849, where he soon won name and fame. He was repeatedly elected to national conventions and served four terms in Congress. His last candidacy was for governor of Kentucky for which he was beaten by a scratch. No purer, better man ever remained in politics as long and none was ever more deserving of the honors he received.

We do not object to the Hart County News appropriating our editorials without credit, as it has repeatedly of late, if it helps the editor out of a tight place, but we do object to having them reproduced from it and credited accordingly. See for instance the "Situation in a Nutshell" in Wednesday's Louisville Times.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Lexington's new \$30,000 Opera House opened this week.  
 —William Harting, a wealthy citizen of Lexington, is dead.  
 —Briggs, Swift's pork house burned at Cincinnati causing a loss of \$150,000.  
 —At Fulton a mob strung up John Vanderford, a negro, for rape on a white girl.  
 —The 14th annual exhibition of the Anderson County Fair will be held August 16-19.  
 —Jack Vanaredall, a large distiller of Mercer county, has assigned liabilities \$40,000.  
 —Five women lost their lives in as many cities in Pennsylvania Saturday by starting fires with coal oil.

—Gold has been discovered in Lewis county and a Cincinnati chemist pronounces the ore worth \$35 per ton.  
 —Miss Esth Williams, aged 16, of Mayaville, was burned to death by her clothing catching fire from a lamp.  
 —The Democratic State Convention of Ohio met in Cleveland yesterday to nominate candidates for State offices.

—William Augustus, a white boy, aged 12 years, stabbed and killed Robert Beacham, colored, aged 9 in Louisville.

—The mercury rose to 106° in the shade in Washington, D. C. Monday, the highest indication in any one day since 1879.

—Abie Wilson, a love-sick youth of Calhoun county, hanged himself with a trace chain in his father's barn Tuesday night.

—A bill has been presented in the Georgia legislature to make it a felony to educate white and colored children together.

—A convict just released from a ten years' imprisonment in Pennsylvania killed one of the jurors who convicted him.

—There are but three men living who were senators before the war, Jefferson Davis, Lyman Trumbull and Simon Cameron.

—Within the past six weeks, 1,137 children under 5 years of age have died in Pittsburgh. Of these 75 per cent. were under two years of age.

—Statistics show that 9,424,864 gallons of whiskey were made in Kentucky during the year closing June 30, about 100,000 gallons more than in 1885-6.

—A block and a half of buildings were burned in Owensboro, Loss \$49,500; insurance half that amount. It caught in Jackson & Vandever's livery stable.

—County Judge W. H. Phillips decided that E. J. Curley, the Camp Nelson distiller, was a delinquent and assessed a tax for \$150,000 worth of whiskey for back taxes.

—United States Marshal Gross and a posse of deputies have gone to Taylor county, determined to collect the railroad tax over which there has been considerable controversy, or know the reason why.

—Business men of Buffalo, N. Y., will raise a fund of \$100,000 which will be offered as a prize for the best invention for utilizing the water power of Niagara, competition being open to the world.

—A decrease of more than one-half in the number of saloons in Minneapolis as a result of a high licence law, and a diminution in Minnesota of one fifth from the same cause, will strengthen the movement for a similar law in other States.

—A colored girl hung about one of the departments all day Tuesday, claiming that one of the clerks, a white man, was her husband. The police say there are a dozen white clerks who have colored wives or those who live in that relation.

—There has been another spurt in coffee. A dispatch from New York says the highest point reached before the break was a little over 20 cents, the panic carried it down to 14. To day 19 1/2 was reached, and many think the quotations will go higher than before the panic.

—Hon. Asa P. Grover died Wednesday at Georgetown in the 69 year of his age. He was a native of New York and a relative of President Cleveland. Educated at Centre College, he became a resident of Kentucky in 1847; studied and practiced law; served for eight years in the State Senate and represented the Louisville district in the Fortieth Congress.

THE Jennie Holman Troupe announces that "Between the 1st and 21 sets our brilliant solo orchestra will render the celebrated overture, 'The Forge in the Forest.'"  
 Idyl—"The Blacksmith in the Woods."  
 —Michaels.

This composition is descriptive of the life of a blacksmith in the woods. Commencing with a night scene, during which rain and wind whistling through the trees is heard; morning is hailed by the song of the cuckoo and other birds. The clock strikes five and the occupants of the barnyard wake up, family prayer is heard, the blacksmith fires his forge and commences the ding dong labors of the day.

## LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—FOR SALE—25 nice stock hogs. A. T. Nannelley.

—Richmond millers are paying 63 to 65 cents for wheat.

—Rev. Green Lee Surber will preach at Halle Gap church at 10 o'clock Sunday.

—Cager, of Midway, bought last week 10,000 bushels of wheat at 63, 67 and 68 cents.

—C Vanoy sold to J. Q. Montgomery a bunch of hogs for September delivery at 43 cents.

—John Judy, near Millersburg, made an average of 42 bushels of wheat per acre on four acres of land.

—The site of the city of San Diego, comprising a tract of 800 acres, was sold about 20 years ago for \$260.

—J. E. Bruce started January 1st with 23 sheep and has sold from the flock \$114 35 worth and has 23 sheep left.

—Col. H. P. Thompson, of Clark, sold at the Farmers' Tobacco Warehouse, Louisville, 12 hhds. of tobacco at an average of \$19.52.

—Last week Mr. Fritz, of Fairview, sold in Hopkinsville a hoghead of dark wrapper at \$21 50 per hundred. The hoghead brought \$380.

—George A. Bricken bought in Washington county yesterday 2,000 bushels of orchard grass seed at \$1 per bushel.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—Two Jersey heifers, one and two years old, oldest giving milk, will sell low; also one Jersey wagon with top good as new. For further particulars apply at this office.

—It is estimated that the total production of coffee in the world is about 600,000 tons to 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces between 340,000 and 380,000 tons, and Java 60,000 to 90,000 tons.

—El Corrigan, the Kansas City turfman has been ruled off the track by the Washington Park Association of Chicago for alleged crookedness and offensive language to the judges during the late race meeting in that city.

—Thomas Harrison, of Owen county claims the most prolific cow in the State. She is only four years old and has five living calves. The first calf came when she was 13 months old and last spring she produced twins.

—S. P. Sheppard, of Louisville, has secured option over 100,000 acres of the finest coal, iron and timber lands in Letcher, Perry and Leslie counties at \$2 50 per acre, he to give a definite answer inside of ninety days.—[Lexington dispatch.]

—At Georgetown court a bunch of cattle, two year-olds, past, weight 1,100 pounds, sold at \$3 59 per hundred; one lot of good two-year-olds were withdrawn at \$23 per head; a lot of yearlings brought \$17 10; one pair small mules sold at \$140; two-year-olds brought from \$85 to \$100. There was a good inquiry for big mules, but none offered.

—D. C. Terhune, of Mercer, who was in town yesterday, told us that he has purchased since the 10th of May about 200 mule colts at prices ranging from \$35 to \$92 50 per head, and that he is now buying on an average of five a day. He bought for D. J. Curry & Rue 30 extra sugar mare mules at from \$65 to \$85 and for himself a lot running in price from \$60 to \$92 50.—[Danville Advocate.]

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—W. S. Holman shipped on Wednesday to his home in Athens, Ga., 21 good cotton mules purchased from various parties in this county. He left for home the same day.

—Miss Carrie Fields continues to give some very astonishing performances in mind reading. The performances are not public but are given at her home or that of some friend. They are said to be equal to those of Bishop and other great artists.

—Sol Williams, a colored gentleman, who was serving a term in the work-house for swindling old man Shearen out of some cash capital, managed to unlock the shackles from his legs Monday evening, after which he jumped the fence and is now basking in the sunshine of liberty.

—E. H. Fox's new photograph gallery on 31 street is about as complete and conveniently arranged establishment of the kind as can be found anywhere. It is on the first floor and built for the express purpose for which it is used. All the late styles of pictures are taken according to the most improved methods.

—Mr. George W. Dugan, of the West End, while out on his farm last week, was prostrated by a stroke of lightning. He has no recollection of falling to the ground or of getting up, but remembers regaining consciousness while standing on his feet. He has yet a sensation of numbness on the right side of his face and body.

—Madison Kemper died at his home east of town Tuesday evening. His death was probably due to severe carbuncle under one of his arms and to the weakness resulting from old age. He was born in Garrard county and lived in that and this county all his life. He was for many years a member of the Baptist church and was an honest and upright citizen. He was in the 80th year of his age.

—Mac Thurman returned from Cumberland Falls Monday evening. He reports 125 guests there, Texas and other distant States being represented. Col. J. W. Guest came home Tuesday evening from Chicago. He will go to Saratoga during the first week in August. Terra Cotta is now there and will run on the 10th of that month. It is not known who will oppose him, but if Kingston or Hanover wants to try him the way is open.

—Mrs. Margaret Durham, wife of Mr. J. W. Durham, of the west end of the county, died Tuesday morning, after an illness of about three weeks. Mrs. Durham's

name was Barton and at the time of her marriage to Mr. Durham she was the widow of Robert Walker. Her last husband is a brother of Hon. M. J. Durham, first controller of the treasury. The funeral took place to day, Thursday, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

—Mrs. Emma Gregory, of Madison county is visiting her brothers Duncan and W. O. Goodloe. Messrs. Jo S. Moore and W. T. Guest went to Cumberland Falls on Thursday. Mrs. Alex. Anderson, Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. C. S. Jackson, Jr., are visiting the family of W. T. Read near Gallatin, Tenn. Mr. Wood Wallace returned to Louisville on Thursday. Miss Maggie McRoberts will leave Friday for a visit to friends in Campbellsville. Mrs. Frank Gilcher is visiting relatives in Missouri.

## LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—The Band of Hope boys and girls had a picnic in the grove a mile south of town Wednesday.

—In round numbers, 250,000 pounds of flour were handled by London merchants during the month of June.

—The greatest and only Joseph Malhattan spent a night of this week under the awning in front of J. T. Brown's "immense hardware establishment." Joseph threatens to quit lying.

—Miss Kate Canifax, Louisville, is visiting her mother here. Mr. James Adams, of Camp Dick Robinson, is visiting relatives in this place. J. T. Craig, of Stanford, was here this week.

—Bill Ballard and Tip Sparks had a "chunk" of a fight Tuesday, in which Ballard knocked Sparks down with a rotten chunk. Sparks tried to cut Ballard, but his Barlow "wouldn't go off."

—One of the attractions in town Tuesday was a four-foot mountain rattlesnake. A lady from the "fur side" of Clay county had his snakeship securely boxed and exhibited him about town at ten cents a sight.

—Much sickness has resulted from the extreme hot weather. Mrs. William Lovelace, Mrs. E. H. Hackney, Mrs. G. D. Jackson, Miss Nellie Hackney, F. B. Riley, John T. Hatcher and others being on the sick list.

—Prof. Alex. S. Paxton, President of the Stanford Female College, was here in the interest of his school—one of the best in the State, located in the heart of the garden spot of the world. We hope our people will patronize him.

—A man passed through this city Tuesday on his way to Arkansas, accompanied by his wife, six or eight children, several dogs and a pistol two feet long, or thereabouts. He was from Bitter Creek, in Clay county, and evidently from pretty high up.

—While in Stanford recently it was our pleasure to meet Dr. Pettus, a most excellent gentleman, who will knock the conceit out of the Cicero of the Mountains in the legislative fight to be concluded the first Monday in next month. The good people of Lincoln will do themselves proud in electing such a man as Dr. Pettus to the legislature.

—Some unknown brute committed a rape upon the person of a young girl named Marlow at Pittsburg Tuesday morning, intimidating her with threats of taking her life if she made any outcry. The villain fled the country, and although diligent search has been made for him, no trace can be found. His neck will, and rightly, pay the penalty if apprehended.

—Mr. W. C. Webb, labor candidate for the legislature, is out in a long list of appointments to speak in the two counties of the district, making usually two speeches a day until the election. He invites any and all legislative aspirants to meet him and proposes to "fight it out on this line," etc. Webb will be heard from in this election.

—Hon. A. Y. Colton, of Bourbonville, has announced himself a candidate for the Senate in this district and from the very outset is making it lively for Messrs. Paul and Baker. He was here a day or so this week and is making a vigorous canvass. Although Mr. Colton in his announcement does not say what ticket he is running on, it will be understood that he is making the race as a democrat, as he has heretofore affiliated with that party.

## DRIPPING SPRINGS.

—On Saturday and Sunday, July 30th and 31st, we have a grand banquet and on Saturday we also have a select picnic and ball during the day and at night a fancy dress masquerade ball. The price charged for the two days will only be \$2, four meals and one lodging or 50 cents for a single meal. Our house is now well filled with as pleasant a set of people as ever met together at a watering place, among whom are several Stanford people, Judge Alcorn and Dr. Peyton being two of them. We have a dance every night and all are having a jolly, good time. We had 12 arrivals to-day. I meet all day trains at Crab Orchard. Respectfully, D. G. SLAUGHTER.

## RELIGIOUS.

—The town is full of colored preschers and delegates, drawn thither by the District Convention of the Christian Church.

—Rev. Tope, of Minneapolis, has been suspended from the Methodist ministry for divorcing his wife and immediately marrying again.

—Rev. J. R. James writes that he will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and night. He has just closed a meeting at Junction City with 40 additions to the Church.

The attention of all poultry raisers is directed to the advertisement of the big rooster. It tells of Gaster's Chicken Cholera Cure, which is sold on the "no-cure-no-pay" plan.

## Centaur Liniment

The most wonderful Pain-Curer the world has ever known. Its effects are instantaneous.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

JULY 1ST, 1887.

Your Accounts are due and ready

PLEASE PAY PROMPTLY.

Unpaid Accounts of 1886 not Settled at once will be Collected by an Officer.

BRUCE & McROBERTS,

FRUIT JARS

—AT—

T. R. WALTON'S.

FRUIT CANS

—AT—

T. R. WALTON'S

SCYTHES & SNATHS

—AT—

T. R. WALTON'S.

BACON WANTED

—BY—

T. R. WALTON

OE F. WATERS

JOHN P. DAVIS

WATERS & DAVIS,

—Dealers In—

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Etc.

MAIN STREET, - - - - STANFORD, KY.

Our stock is comprehensive and brand new and prices suit even the closest of close buyers. Come to us early and often.







## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The Medical Association, which was held at Crab Orchard Springs last week, was well attended.

—NOTICE.—Ladies, your accounts are due. Please call and settle, as I need the money. Mrs. E. W. Jones.

—Complaints of the very hot weather are heard on all sides. Tuesday the thermometer was up to 103 in the shade.

—Mr. W. K. Buchanan has bought Rev. W. White's saw mill and will soon be prepared to receive orders for lumber.

—Mrs. J. B. Huffman, of Lexington, has rented rooms from Mrs. Tarrant and will keep house there for a short time.

—The new organ for the Christian church has arrived and was used last Sunday for the first time. Miss Maggie Davis will preside as organist.

—The public school opened last Monday with 30 pupils. It is being taught in the public school building and not in connection with the College, as it was last year.

—As Mr. J. M. Melvin was driving down the street several days ago, his horse ran off and threw him out of the wagon. Expecting a thorough coating of dust, he was otherwise uninjured.

—Mr. James Hiett's funeral was preached at the Christian church Sunday morning by Rev. W. T. B. White and his remains were laid to rest beside his mother in the cemetery on the hill. He was a thrifty, industrious young man, and his untimely death is much regretted. The family have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

—On last Wednesday night Miss Alice Hardin gave a supper to her pet, little Lina Kennedy, in honor of her 7th birthday. A score of little girls and boys were present to share with Lina the delicious dainties Miss Alice is so well skilled in preparing. We were remembered with a waiter of ice cream and cake and can testify to their excellency.

—Misses Clem Graves, of Lexington, Carrie Dean and Bettie McFall, of Versailles, are the guests of the Misses Stuart. Miss Cynthia Carson, of Nicholasville, is visiting Mrs. Sophia Carson, Mrs. J. H. Stephens, of Kansas, was the guest of Mrs. W. M. Garnett. Mrs. Sallie Magill and children, of Bardonia, are visiting Mrs. W. P. Stetson and other relatives. Misses Lizzie Stouffer and Laura Johnson, of Louisville, are the guests of Miss Mollie Brooks. Mr. J. W. Brooks is at home Mr. Tom White, of Tazewell, Tennessee, is here. Madam Rumor whispers of a wedding in the near future, in which he will play an important part.

### MT. SALEM LINCOLN COUNTY.

—There have been good rains in localities lately, while in other spots it has only been showery.

—Died, on the 17th inst., at Middleburg, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Bettie A. Staton, aged 28 years. Mrs. Staton was the daughter of Mr. John W. Newell and leaves a husband and two small children to mourn her loss. Her remains were taken to her father's home on Monday evening and on Tuesday morning to Mt. Calvary Church, where funeral services were held by Rev. J. M. O'iver, of the Methodist church. A large congregation of friends and relatives were in attendance.

—There was a Sunday school picnic at Richards' School house Saturday. Early in the morning they assembled from all directions and very soon a large crowd was on hand. The happy smiles of all sizes and ages graced the occasion. The exercises were opened with vocal music by the singing class, followed by an appropriate chapter read by Rev. J. J. Curtis, and prayer. After more music, Elder S. A. Butt addressed the assembly in his usual vigorous style. In addition to his other interesting remarks, he gave great praise to the fine organization of the Richards' Sunday school and its splendid industrious working material. Mr. John Dye followed with a good speech. Other speakers expected not being in attendance, dinner was announced. Here was a very interesting part of the proceedings. A variety of everything of the most substantial and the most tempting knick knacks were spread in profusion under the shade of the majestic oaks. All without previous condition, were earnestly invited to partake. The small chaps were in their glory. One little fellow, with hands full of pie and cake, sitting flat on the ground, remarked: "I'm just eating!" The plebeian and patrician met on half way grounds, realizing the fact that they were both made of the common dust of the earth. It was in striking contrast to some places of similar nature I have attended in modern times, where select persons invited select associates, or perhaps those made of sifted earth, to partake of their viands. The whole affair remained one of the by-gone days before Mammon became the chief deity to be worshipped. In the afternoon Rev. J. J. Curtis made a stirring address, claiming that God Almighty would hold us responsible for the proper raising of our children; that we were either raising them for heaven or for hell; and the importance of rearing them in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Mr. Clayton Montgomery followed and urged the desirability of a union school. The superintendent, Mr. John Lay, closed the exercises.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## NEVADA IN ITS PRIME.

Virginia City in the Days When All Its Inhabitants Were Rich.

A letter from San Francisco to the Philadelphia Press contains the following: A hurried run over to Virginia City after an absence of nearly seven years was, indeed, a revelation to one who had seen it under the influence of the flush times of 1874. It has frequently been prophesied that Nevada would lose its identity as a State by reason of the flight of its population. I would not be surprised; for, as a matter of fact, Virginia City, which is practically all there is, or ever was, of Nevada, so far as population goes, is gradually being depopulated, although it is no unusual thing to see Mackay and other old-time financial magnates looking over the horizon of another boom. In view of this possible collapse of Nevada, its crowded past is worth the contemplation of the student of "rising and falling," as Simon Wegg would say.

My first visit to the great bonanza town was in 1875, and I staid there for more than a year. This was an eventful year for Virginia City, a year in which there was probably more money "in sight" and in circulation than in any other year of the town's existence. These were veritable flush times. Fifteen faro-banks were running in full blast and "wide open" day and night on C street, and the ceaseless puff, puff, puff of the several hoisting works made music to the miner's ear all summer and winter long. How well I remember it on the clear, starlit winter nights under the shadow of Mount Davidson. "Consolidated Virginia" was paying \$1,000,000 a month in dividends; twelve thousand miners were employed at the different mines, and money was all plentiful. It is not a stretch of imagination to say there were no people in Virginia City but gold. Good times were a part and parcel of every man's life.

The miner toiling for \$4 per day invested his monthly wages in mining stocks or they faro-bank. Some of them made hits and kept at it. Others went to the wall and cheerfully took up their burden again, and as cheerfully looked forward to next pay-day. Nearly \$2,000,000 were disbursed monthly in wages, to say nothing of the tremendous amounts paid out for supplies and power. Mining at great depths, with wood at \$12 per cord and \$350,000 pumping engines, is expensive. But the returns were enormous, too, and a good deal of money circulated constantly in Virginia City. In the early morning you might have seen John Mackay, in a pea-jacket and white slouch hat, driving from the Con Virginia office to the different mines and mills in which the "bonanza" firm were interested; and had you approached him at such a time with a question you would have received a monosyllabic reply. You may be sure you would never get a pointer on stocks. He told me one day in 1876 that he had not given a "pointer" on stocks to any one in nine years. And why should he? These famous could count on such infinite grace through his agents in "Frisco." Con Virginia was then producing about seven hundred tons of ore per day.

Mackay was well liked during the flush times, and Fair—well, he was not hated. The feeling in regard to him was best expressed in the appellation they gave him—"Slippery Jim." If he was slippery, he was at the same time the most competent man on the Comstock to handle the stupendous interests in his keeping. For never was any business firm subjected to the incursions and jobs of a more persistent gang of bloodsuckers, cormorants and parasites than the "Pauper alley" leeches who tried from time to time to fasten themselves upon the quartet of suddenly enriched Irishmen composing the bonanza firm. Mackay was originally a jovial, good-hearted miner, generous and truthful. As long ago as 1874 he had come to fear every stranger who approached him, knowing full well from oft-repeated experience that no matter what the subject of a conversation when started, the conclusion was almost invariably a request for money. I have seen him in a fit of absent-mindedness, suddenly approach a mirror, and catching sight of his reflection, think for a second that it was some one else, and involuntarily start back alarmed. Once he showed me a large drawer full of begging letters from strangers, one of whom asked for \$100,000—think of it! Mackay gave away thousands every year. He has quietly assisted a great many people, but I have known him to directly advise any one to invest in stocks. A great many people have asked me how he got his start. I have seen many accounts professing to be the true ones. But even in Virginia City there are conflicting stories. That which struck me as the most correct was as follows:

Some time in 1870, as I have been informed, Mackay, who was then working in one of the mines of which J. M. Walker, a brother of ex-Governor Walker, of Virginia, was superintendent, was advised by Walker to buy either Kentucky or Yellow Jacket, which was about to be manipulated for a rise. Mackay was a sober, saving man. He had a little money laid by. He took the advice given him by Walker. He made more than \$100,000. This was his start. Whether this be true or not I can not say. But I have very good reason to believe that Mackay frequently assisted Walker in 1876 with large amounts of money. Flood was of different caliber. He had become soured in 1876 beyond hope, and he rarely put out a helping hand.

It was at the end of the great Sierra Nevada slide, in which the "bonanza" people spent \$10,000,000 in upholding the market against their own judgment, but to save the whole Pacific coast from a panic. And, even though my broker was yelling constantly for wind, and I finally succumbed on Union, which was dropping at \$10 a clip on me, and, although my petty curses doubtless went to swell the volume of execration that surged against the Nevada Bank, I have since seen the matter in a different light and have also come to realize the truth of the saying that money alone can not bring contentment.

John Mackay is one of the richest men in the world. Is he contented? Far from it. Is Flood contented? He don't know the meaning of the word. Is Fair contented? Ask him as he contemplates the overthrow of all his household gods. Is Johnnie Skiao, that sometime Canadian telegraph operator, who traded in the secret code of his employers' patrons on the Comstock and finally got to be twice a millionaire? Ask the pauper's grave he fills to-day. And of that score or more suddenly enriched by the treasures of the Comstock. What and who are they to-day? Some of them, the very small minority, have still a shred of fortune; the majority are dead, or "morally" walking around to save funeral expenses.

### Close the Death of Clarence.

A workman in a vineyard in Napa Valley, Cal., committed suicide the other day by jumping into a cask of wine and drowning.

## STRIKING INCIDENTS.

Clouds in thin layers driving from the northwest under opposite moving clouds indicate the approach of fine weather.

A CASE is recorded in a Western paper of the marriage of a couple who had waited sixty years for each other. Their courtship began in childhood and although separated for a lifetime they retained for each other a true affection which culminated as above related.

A REMARKABLE trip for a steamer was that accomplished by the new British ship Ormuz, in traversing the distance between Port Adelaide, Australia, and Liverpool (11,000 miles) in twenty-seven days, making a record of seventeen miles an hour. The amount of coal consumed during the voyage was 110 tons per diem.

A FRENCH journal of science reports an extraordinary case of trance in a young lady who has continued in an uninterrupted state of unconsciousness for four years. The subject is wasting away and the pulse is gradually growing weaker although food is administered. This condition is supposed to have been brought on by a fright resulting in convulsions.

One way of increasing capital was exemplified in a case occurring, not long since, in Mississippi. A widow, the father of five children, named John Dollar, married the relict of a former neighbor named Emanuel Sixbits, who left to her care six young Sixbits, which, with the addition of the maternal Sixbits, footed up five dollars and twenty-five cents. This added to the six Dollars of the other party to the contract, aggregated eleven dollars and twenty-five cents. By this means their capital was about doubled without leaving the family.

The first and only instance of the killing of fowls of the air by lightning was recently recorded in a California paper. While watching the clouds during a thunderstorm, a gentleman observed a flock of wild geese passing through the air. Suddenly a flash of lightning blazed forth and apparently shattered the flock. Several of the geese fell to the ground dead, but without the slightest marks of violence upon them. This incident unsettles the commonly accepted belief that the feathered denizens of the air are secure from the darting fire of heaven.

The arrest of a criminal under very singular circumstances was made, a long since, by the police of Oil City, Pa. A carload of shoes that had been stolen in the city had been entered by thieves of whom there was no clue. An officer in passing down the street one Sunday morning observed a rough character with a pair of new shoes on, who, when he saw the officer watching him, disappeared into a neighboring church. Following the officer entered and seeing the bottoms of a new pair of shoes on a kneeling man quietly took him outside and found the trade mark of the losing firm upon them. The arrest resulted in the apprehending of all the guilty ones.

A SEA CAPTAIN relates a recent occurrence which in his opinion accounts for the mysterious disappearance of numerous vessels at sea. "During a storm a huge meteor, looking like two balls of fire, dropped into the sea close alongside, making a tremendous roaring. Before reaching the water the upper atmosphere was darkened, while below, and on board, everything appeared like a sea of fire. The force of the meteor striking the water caused heavy breakers, which washed over the vessel, making her roll dangerously. The atmosphere became uncomfortably warm, and the air was full of sulphur. Immediately afterward solid lumps of ice fell on the deck, and decks and rigging became coated with an icy crust, caused by the immense evaporation. On the side where the meteor fell the ship appeared all black, and some of the copper sheathing was blistered."

### OF SCIENTIFIC NATURE.

EXPERIMENTS in the distribution of power by electricity are being made by a company in San Francisco. The motive power is furnished by a small engine operating a patent dynamo.

The gradual loss of elasticity in articles of vulcanized rubber has been explained by scientists to the formation of sulphuric acid by the action of the atmosphere on sulphur in the rubber. It is said frequent and thorough washings will arrest this tendency.

It is said, by experimenters, that a dog is enabled to follow a man through the peculiar individual odor exuded by him which, though perceptible at great distances, becomes indistinguishable through the intervention of a single thickness of brown paper between the foot and the ground.

Small cast-iron pieces can be tinned by first thoroughly cleaning the articles to be tinned, and immersed in a bath of one ounce cream of tartar, one ounce protochloride of tin and ten quarts of water. The bath should be kept at a temperature of 180 degrees in a stone vessel. Pieces of zinc should be thrown into the bath.

An English journal of medicine in treating of the care of the ear advises the protection of that organ against the entrance of any cold fluid. It recommends the closing of the ear with cotton or wool while bathing and diving, and particularly enjoins upon persons with affected ears their protection against cold or damp weather.

In a London paper of a recent date a noted doctor of that city enlarges upon the successful treatment of cancerous tumor with calcium carbonate in the form of calcined oyster shells. Two cases are cited in which speedy and permanent cures by the above specific have been effected. The mode of administration is a few grains a day, taken in warm water or tea.

This reason of "the sun putting out a fire" is thus explained: At the time of day when the sun shines into a room the fire is often allowed to get dull, and the sun's rays warm and rarify the air in the room as much as the fire warms the air passing over it up the chimney. Hence the draught ceases and the fire goes out. To remedy the inconvenience open the door or the window, to let the warm air out and cold in.

NOTWITHSTANDING the frequent and positive assertions on the part of numerous persons that claim to have seen them, that there exists in this country a species of snake known as the "horn snake," the best authorities on the subject deny its existence. The supposition is that the name originated in the brain of some terrified victim of a snake scare. The snake that most resembles the fabious "horn snake" is the *Ptyopsis melanoleuca*, or pine snake, a serpent entirely harmless to any save to the lower order of small animals and birds.

A FRENCH paper describes the "autographometer," an apparatus intended to record the topography of roads by an automatic apparatus, which is set in operation by the movement over the road to be examined of a small carriage containing the apparatus, and is controlled in such a way by the movement of the car as to register all varieties of level and changes in direction. The mechanism employed is quite simple. The wheels of the carriage set in motion drums, on which are wound strips of paper, and on these strips the record is made.

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Richmond	5:10 p.m.	11:40 a.m.
Newport News	8:40 p.m.	3:50 p.m.
Old Point Comfort	10:40 p.m.	6:35 p.m.
Norfolk	11:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
Washington	9:00 p.m.	8:25 p.m.
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